

DELL
COMIC

A 32 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

10¢

MARCH

the Lone Ranger



to my candy kid... FEB. 14, 1954



Three-flavored fun ★ from Mars' sunlit
kitchens—the best liked chocolate-covered
candy bar in all the world... Milky Way.

- ★ {
1. Rich milk chocolate
 2. Golden caramel
 3. Creamy chocolate melted with nougat















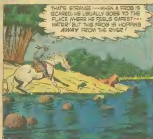
TO WIN THE LOVE, DAVEY SEARCHES UP AND DOWN BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER TO FIND WHERE TONTO AND THE MAN HE FOLLOWED LEFT THE RIVER.



TONTO MUST HAVE COME OUT SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE MILE AREA I'VE SEARCHED. THE RIVER BECOMES TOO DEEP AT BOTH ENDS AFTER THAT---BUT **WHERE?**



SLODDING



THAT'S STRANGE---WHEN A FROG IS SCARED, HE USUALLY GOES TO THE PLACE WHERE HE FEELS SAFEST---WATER! BUT THIS FROG IS HOPPING AWAY FROM THE RIVER!



HE'S HEADING EVEN **FARTHERR** FROM THE RIVER!



HE'S FOUND WHERE---
**AN OBVIOUSLY
BUTCH!**

PLUNK!



ITS BORN OVERDOWN AND PROBABLY HAIN'T BEEN USED FOR YEARS! BUT IT MUST BE THE EXPLANATION TO HOW THE GANG LEFT THE RIVER UNDETECTED! THEY ROSE ALONG THE RIVER, TURNED INTO THE DITCH AND, IF I FOLLOW IT, I SHOULD COME TO A CROSS-TRAIL WHERE THEY AIN'T HAVE TURNED OFF!

**COMMON
SILVER!**





THERE'S THE CARN, BUT I'D
BETTER CIRCLE THOSE BOULDERS
AND STAY OFF THE MAIN TRAIL!
SOMEONE MAY BE
WATCHING!



A GUARD!



WHAT IN
TARTARUS?



HOW TO REACH THE
CARN AND FIND TONTO!

A MINUTE LATER, SEEING TONTO ALONE
IN THE BACK ROOM...



KEMO SABAY!



KADL, IT'S BEEN WOULD
SINCE YOU HEARD THAT GRL
HOOT, IF ANYTH' WAS
GON TO HAPPEN---

---JUST GO IN THE BACK
ROOM AND BREAK OUT
SOME MORE APPLAUNTION,
VIC! AND IF ANYTH' DOES
HAPPEN, TELL THE BURN!
WE'LL BE THE FIRST TO
DIE!







FOR THREE DAYS, THE OUTLAWS HIDE OUT IN A SECRET CAVE HIGH UP ON MOUNTAIN HILL...

NO MORE SIGNS OF POSSIES! DEBBIE'S BEYOND MILES AWAY---WITH NO OTHER TOWN IN BETWEEN! JACK, WE NEED BRUB! WE HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE YESTERDAY MORNING!



WE'RE SETTING BRUB TONIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO GET IT AT THE STOCKHOLE GENERAL STORE! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT WE'D DOUBLE BACK INTO TOWN IF IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WE CAN GET FOOD FOR OUR TRIP!

TARNATION! YOU MAY BE RIGHT AT THAT! THE GENERAL STORE'S AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOOT IT EASY!



A FEW HOURS AFTER MIDNIGHT

I'LL STAY HERE AN' COVER YOU, LEE! MAKE IT FAST!

DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT MY GROUND FOR CHANGE!



LOCATED!---I'LL HAVE TO FORCE THE DOOR!



AND IN THE BACK ROOM...

SOMEONE'S BREAKIN' IN!

CRACK!



ALL RIGHT, MASTER! RAISE YOUR HANDS!







IT AN DENY!—YOU MUST BE TELLIN' THE TRUTH! GET THE DOC! HE'S TWO HOURS DOWN THE ROAD!



HIM SAY BANK ROBBERS SHOOT-UM! HIM HEAR-UM SAY THEN HEAD WEST!



BUT, SHERIFF, WAIT—



SHERIFF LARREE DOESN'T DO THINKS THE SAGE WAY! YOU'D BETTER CHECK BACK THERE YOURSELF!

LATER, HAVING TOLD THE LOAN SHARPER WHAT HAPPENED, RYHO LEADS HIM TO THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL...



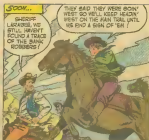
THEY'RE ONLY A FEW HOURS START, TONTO AND THEIR TRUCKS ARE OLDER! THEY'RE HEADIN' WEST INTO THE HILLS!



BUT IF HE DOESN'T ACTUALLY FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL, HE'LL PROBABLY RIDE ALONG THE MAIN ROAD AND HE MAY MISS THEM COMPLETELY! IF ANYONE IS GOING TO CAPTURE THEM, IT WILL HAVE TO BE US!—COME ON, SARGE!

MEANWHILE, MANY MILES TO THE WEST, BY THE RAILS PARALLELING THE MAIN ROAD TO DEERIDGE.







MEANWHILE, FOLLOWING THE OUTLAW'S ACTUAL TRAIL, INTO THE HILLS NORTH OF THE ROAD...



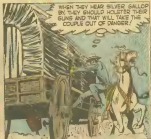
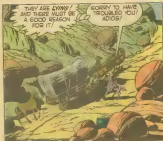
HERE'S THEIR TRAIL! ONE MAN WAS RIDING, THE OTHER WAS WALKING! THEY HEADED FOR THE MAIN ROAD! WHEN YOU'VE LOCATED THE HORSE, TONTO, PICK UP MY TRAIL, I---**COME ON, SHIRAZ!**



FOLLOWING THE WAGON TRACKS ONTO THE MAIN TRAIL, SOON...









SOON AFTER, AS THE posse, ATTRACTED BY THE SHOOTING, RETURNS.

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THEY WERE *AWAY* THE WAGON?

WE FOLLOWED THEIR TRAIL, SHERIFF! THE SHERIFF TOLD ME THE TWO MEN HELPED AND JOINED THE WAGON! WHEN I CAME UPON THE COUPLE, THEY ACTED NERVOUS--- TOO NERVOUS FOR ANY REASON MY MASK MIGHT HAVE CAUSED! I PRESSED CLOSE TO THE WAGON AND SAW THE BLEND OF A SUN! IF THERE'S A REWARD, THE YOUNG COUPLE DESERVE IT FOR THEIR DEED!

NEXT TIME I CHASE AN OWLHOOT, I'LL NOT RUSH OFF, BUT LOOK FOR HIS TRAIL, BY FOLLOW IT, SAME AS THE LONG RANGER!

HI-YO, SILVER ARMY!



the Lone Ranger

The Placid Dutchman









WELL, WE HAVE ONE OF THEM, TONYO! YOU'LL TAKE HIM TO THE SHERIFF IN STOCKTON!

AT DUSK, JUST OUTSIDE OF STOCKTON



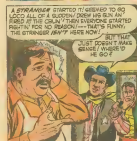
WOOF! YOU AN TONYO, HAVE HELPED THE LAW AGAIN! THE HORSE YOU CAPTURED BELONGS TO THE DAYTON MAN, HONNY BANE! NOW IF WE COULD JUST ROUND UP THE REST OF 'EM!



WELL, THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA!



WE'LL RIDE WITH YOU, SHERIFF!... LET'S GO, BIG FELLOW!





MINUTES LATER, AS THE SHERIFF RIDES TO THE JAIL.





MEANWHILE, IN A BACK ROOM OF THE STOCKTON HOTEL...





WE GO BACK TO
CAMP NOW AND
WAIT TILL
MORNING—

—WAIT,
TOMTO!



THE JMS. KENNY THE
SHERIFF SAID THEY
WERE MISSING!

THEN OUTLAWS COME THIS
MAY! THIS RIGHT NEAR HOTEL!



HERE, KENNY
SHERIFF SHERIFF
MAYBE OF HIGH
—THEN KENNY
TO-BACK OF
HOTEL!

THAT EXPLAINS WHY WE COULDN'T
FIND ANY TRACE OF T-EE HORSES
—THEY DIDN'T LEAVE TOMMY!



YOU THINK
THEM GUY
HOTEL?

IT'S THE LOGICAL ANSWER— AND
VERY CLEVER! BEING THE SHERIFF
HERE, TOMTO! AGENTINE, I'LL GO
INSIDE AND TRY TO LOCATE THEIR
ROOM!



NO ONE IS AROUND THE
BACK, I SHOULD BE ABLE
TO ENTER UNSEEN!



DUTCH VAN HORN SHOULD HAVE BEEN WISE ENOUGH TO
CHOOSE A ROOM ON THE BACKWARD SIDE OF THE HOTEL AND IN
THE BACK FOR AN EASY EXIT IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY
HOW TO SEE IF ANY ROOM LIGHT IS ON BACK HERE!









The Man of the Family



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Rolf Tyler was building fence, to keep the cattle out of the corn—when he saw the Man from the Settlement ride up to the cabin. Rolf knew the man was from the Settlement, because he wore dark trousers, and bounced in his saddle, and kept looking back over his shoulder for Indians. He was talking with Rolf's mother when the boy approached. Sue and Hattie, the babies, clung to her skirt.

"You—you say my husband—Bob Tyler got hurt?"

"Got kicked by a horse, ma'am," the stranger answered. "Broke Tyler's leg. He won't be walking, or riding either, for reebbe a month. Says to tell you that young Rolf will have to be the man of the family until then—and you're not to worry."

"Thank you!" Ma Tyler murmured, with a little choke in her voice. She put out a hand to touch Rolf's arm.

"Tell my husband that Rolf and I will be all right . . . And we'll be thinking of him all the time, thankful he won't hurt worse!"

The town man grinned.

"You'll have to grow up mighty fast—to be the man of the family! How old are you, Bub?"

Rolf bristled! Imagine calling a fellow "Bub," when he was going on thirteen!

"I'm old enough!" Rolf answered, through his teeth.

The town man rode away, with a condescending chuckle. Mrs. Tyler went back to her garden work, and Rolf went back to

building fence. He'd have to hurry, now with Dad laid up—or their two plow axes and their milch cow would be spoiling the new grain crop that was just sprouting.

The fence wasn't quite finished, one morning, a week later, when Rolf went to the creek for a bucketful of water. It was just like every other morning. Or so it seemed, until Rolf saw—the MOCCASIN TRACK!

It was a deep footprint in the creek's muddy edge, a yard or so to Rolf's left, as he dipped the bucket.

It was slowly filling with seep water—which meant that the Indian had made it only moments ago—probably when he heard Rolf coming, and ducked hurriedly into the cover of the willows.

As Rolf walked back to the cabin, he forced himself not to quicken his steps. A bullet or an arrow from the bushes might hit him in the back, any second! But he dared not show that he suspected it.

His mind worked at top speed. If the Indians DIDN'T kill him on the way to the house, it meant that the one who made the track was a lone scout—or that the war party had not had time yet to size up the cabin's defenders. Or that they wanted to take the cabin by surprise—in one rush—without risking Rolf's outcry! That was probably it!

He pushed open the cabin door, set down the bucket, closed the door—AND DROPPED THE HEAVY BAR INTO PLACE. Ma noticed. He heard her gasp. "Injuns?"

"Down by the creek!" he answered, softly.

is as not to scare the babies. If they cried, his whole plan—the plan he'd made while he walked back to the cabin—would be no good. Still calmly, he went on speaking:

"We've maybe got three minutes! Get down into the hidey-hole with the babies, Ma! I'll hand you down the rifle and bullets—some grub and the bedding! If there's time for it! Hurle, now! There! I've opened the trap!"

As he was speaking, he had pulled up the trap door which made the floor of the closet. Below it gaped a black hole which led underground to some rocks and bushes on the creek bank—prepared for just such an emergency.

Ma went down, and he handed her the babies, one by one. Then the other things! All the bedding and clothes except his own! He asked no questions. Her son was now the man of the family; his word was law!

Rolf peeked out through the small window—just in time! Somehow he had known it would be this way. He whispered down through the trap: "They're coming! If you make a sound, Ma, they'll find you and the babies. And kill them, too!"



He closed the trap, dropped a pair of old boots onto it. He was putting another stick of wood into the stove when the war party crashed the door.

Rolf flung himself at the nearest warrior, empty-handed, punching, kicking. If you were killed fighting, they wouldn't have time to hurt you—much! They wouldn't—a war club knocked him down. Through a fog of pain he looked up to see an older Indian stop the descending axe. Then he blacked out.

When he came to, Rolf found himself astride an Indian pony, with the old warrior holding him. He glanced around. Behind them the cabin was burning. The cattle lay dead. No need to finish the fence now! But why hadn't they killed him—?

"Red Arrow lose-um boy—" The old Indian was speaking. "Brave boy, like you! Now YOU be Red Arrow's son . . . be Cheyenne warrior . . . take many scalps . . . Your new name be Fights-With-Hands!"

Rolf Tyler said nothing—he knew his mother and the children were safe. He would find a way to escape and come home a man! Home to his family!



YOUNG HAWK

WHY ARE YOU SMOKING THOSE FISH, YOUNG HAWK? IF WE FREEZE THEM WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TO LAST FOR A WEEK.

KEE-EE!

HAND ME ANOTHER, LITTLE BUCK! AND YOU, LITTLE BROTHER--- KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!



I AM SMOKING THEM--- BECAUSE IN TWO OR THREE DAYS WE MUST LEAVE THIS VALLEY AND HEAD FOR THE PLAINS! IF WE WAIT LONGER THE MELTING SNOW WILL MAKE TRAVEL IMPOSSIBLE!

AND SO, THREE DAYS LATER---

YOU ARE SO POND OF FOOD--- I'LL LET YOU CARRY OUR SMOKED FISH, LITTLE BUCK!

BUT---WHY COULDN'T YOU LOAD SOME OF IT ON TUMBLEWEED?



BECAUSE I TRUST TUMBLEWEED WITH FOOD EVEN LESS THAN I TRUST YOU, LITTLE BUCK! WE'D TAKE THE FIRST CHANCE TO EAT IT! BUT HE WON'T EAT OUR BEDDING!

WE'LL MAKE FOR THE PASS BEYOND THE LAKE--- FARTHEST FROM THE VILLAGE OF OUR ENEMIES!





EVEN TUMBLEWEED IS GLAD TO BE ON THE TRAIL--- AFTER ALL THESE WEEKS! SEE HOW FAR AHEAD HE RUNS!

AS THE BOYS START CLIMBING THROUGH THE SNOWY PASS, THEIR SMALL DOG SCOUTS AHEAD...



VIP...
VIP...
VIP...

SOON HE IS OUT OF SIGHT, RACING ALONG A FRESH RABBIT TRACK.



VIP...
VIP...
VIP...

--- QUITE UNAWARE OF THE BIG CANADA LYNX WHO IS WAITING FOR DEER ON A TREE LIMB.



YIKES!



YIP!
YI-BEE!

YEE---
OWWWW!

THE LITTLE DOG'S PACK ABSORBS THE CAT'S CLAWS--- BUT STILL, PANIC GRIPS HIM!



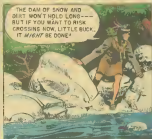
YIP!!!
YIP!!!
YIP!!!

SCREAMING FOR HELP, HE DASHES BACK TOWARD HIS HUMAN PROTECTORS, HARDLY SLOWED BY THE LYNX'S THIRTY-ODD POUNDS OF CLAWING FURY.









A CREST OF WATER AND DEBRIS MANY FEET HIGH RACES DOWN TOWARD THE STRUGGLING BOYS, GATHERING SPEED







THE GHOSTLY WOLF SHAPES DOUSE YOUNG HAWK'S FIREBRAND--- BUT LITTLE BUCK'S ARROW BRINGS DOWN THE LEADER!



AND AS THE OTHERS SEIZE THE LEADER'S CARCASS---



MORNING SEES THEM AGAIN ON THE MARCH, DESCENDING STEADILY TOWARD THE PLAINS.



JUST BEYOND IN A SMALL WOODLAND MEADOW, SEVERAL SHAGGY BRUTES ARE PAWING THROUGH THE SNOW FOR GRASS.





THE STRICKEN COW GIVES ONE STARTLED JUMP---



STRAIGHT IN THE FACE OF THE HUGE BULL FLIES LITTLE BROTHER--- HIS TINY TAILCHS JABBING AT A BULGING EYE! THE MONSTER TURNS, STUMBLES---



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PICTURES and **FUN!**



Continued from page 10



Cling Cling—cousins can always get along. Lee's Dewey Partners, with Mike Pearson's money, held on to his seat until he was over 60 and had no more family.



...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

[illegible]

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advantages in



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munications Center of the
North Atlantic Division, and
will be the headquarters of the
newly organized 1st Fleet.



You'll Love Luv — as they say, you "love" all pictures in color. With Luv, Bucky, and Little Bucky on hand, there's a double

[illegible]

"SPARK UP!"

to get a clear shot"

SAYS **BOB DAVIES**

HERE'S ONE WAY TO DODGE YOUR GUARD, TOMMY STOP SUDDENLY WHEN TAKING A PASS

(SHOOTING STAR OF THE ROCKEFELLER NOVELS...)

THEN MAKE A QUICK TURN.



YOUR GUARDS CAUGHT OFF-BALANCE, AND IT'S AN EASY LAY-UP BUT YOU GOTTA HAVE THAT "SPARK"



Cartoon photos and back for different chapters photos to other Bob Davies

SPARK UP WITH WHEATIES!
"Breakfast of Champions"



THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE

- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR GROWTH
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR STAMINA
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR STRONG MUSCLES